

## **Baby, Pull me Closer by Luddleston**

**Category:** Voltron: Legendary Defender

**Genre:** Anal Sex, College AU, Cuddling, Established Relationship, Fluff and Smut, M/M, Oral Sex, all of the cuddling

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Hunk (Voltron), Keith (Voltron), Lance (Voltron), Pidge (Voltron)

**Relationships:** Keith/Lance (Voltron)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-01-23

**Updated:** 2017-01-23

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 11:28:31

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 6,045

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Lance is in his first year of college, with his first boyfriend, enjoying the first snowfall he's ever seen in his life.

Keith is cold, and would like to go inside, and would *really* like it if Lance would *stop throwing snowballs at him*.

## Baby, Pull me Closer

### Author's Note:

I wrote this because... it's winter? Idk. Wanted some sweet smut with these boys.

ALSO there was not NEARLY enough klance ins S2, so I give you this.

Title is, of course, courtesy of the Chainsmokers, because I will never stop applying the lyrics of mainstream pop songs to gay ships.

"You're kidding me." Keith was staring at Lance with all the bluntness in the world, his eyebrows practically going straight across. "You've never seen snow?"

Lance, who was jumping around outside in a blizzard in a coat that really wasn't made for the weather, shouted back, "obviously *not!*"

Keith should've understood this. Lance was from fucking *Arizona*. In what situation would he have seen snow before? Not everyone spent their whole lives far enough above the equator for a white Christmas.

The weather had been getting steadily colder since the very end of November, except for a warm weekend right before Thanksgiving, but it hadn't actually snowed until today, and from the looks of things, the weather was trying to make up for all the lack in early December snowfall. It was really coming down, enough that Pidge thought they were going to get class cancelled.

"Look at this!" Lance said, sticking his tongue out so he could catch snowflakes.

"Uh-huh." Keith sounded unimpressed. He wasn't even *looking*. Still standing under the overhang from the Student Center, where he couldn't get snow in his perfect hair, one hand stuffed in his pocket, his phone in the

other. He was texting somebody. Lance bent down and picked up a handful of snow, freezing his already-chilly, red fingers. "Lance," Keith said, apparently sensing the snowball coming his way without looking up, "don't you dare throw that."

"Watch me," Lance said, and Keith stuck his phone in his pocket and glared.

"Lance—oh, *fuck you*, he said, when Lance's snowball hit him in the chest, a perfect shot to the heart. Keith frowned at him while he dusted snow off his jacket—it was all powdery, fluffy stuff and didn't really do any damage. "You suck," he told Lance, who was flopped on his back making a snow angel. "And you're going to get frostbite."

"I'm fine," Lance said, popping back up. He had snow clumped in his hair, and Keith stepped out from below the alcove to brush it out of his hair and off his back.

"Come inside," Keith said, and even though occupying a single giant armchair by the fireplace in the student center sounded like a great idea, he was still determined to jump around the snow like an overexcited puppy.

"You stay out here," he countered, backing away and already scooping up another snowball, fully intending to send this one flying at Keith's *face*.

Before he could, though, Keith darted across the few steps between them and grabbed Lance around the waist, sticking his hands in the gap between his jacket and the hoodie he had on under. Lance dropped the snowball and it glanced harmlessly off Keith's boot, while Keith moved in to kiss him, their shared breath clouding up the air between them. Lance tucked his freezing hands into the fluffy faux-fur on Keith's hood.

It was picture-perfect—kissing in the middle of a gentle snowfall, pressed close to each other not just for warmth, but for pleasure. Keith's nose was cold against Lance's cheek, and his lips were hot by comparison, his tongue, which brushed briefly against Lance's bottom lip, even hotter. It would've been magical, if not for the snowball that connected with the back of Lance's head. He lurched forward, his teeth nearly splitting Keith's bottom

lip open, and Keith yelped, trying to figure out why his boyfriend had suddenly turned into a cannibal.

"What the hell, Pidge!" Lance shouted as soon as he saw the culprit. Pidge was trying their best to hide behind Hunk, who looked guiltier than he should have, considering he hadn't even done anything.

"I told 'em not to," Hunk said.

"And *I* told *him* you were being gross and therefore deserved it. Which I still stand by," Pidge added.

"How are you not freezing in that?" Hunk said, eyeing Lance's jacket, which was a perfectly appropriate winter coat back in Arizona and is just barely keeping him warm without Keith's arm around him here. "Go back inside."

"But *snow*," Lance protested. "I want to make a snowman. Does anybody have a carrot?"

"Go *inside*," Keith said, poking him in the middle of the back.

Lance looped an arm through Keith's and started wandering in the direction of their dorms. "I'll make you a deal: if you make me hot chocolate and cuddle me on the couch and watch Netflix with me, I'll go inside," he said, and Hunk and Pidge trotted after them, Pidge attempting to shove snow and ice down the back of Hunk's jacket while Hunk fended them off by cuffing them over the head with mittened hands.

"You're gonna be mean and not invite us, aren't you," Hunk said, while he picked up Pidge around the waist and swung them around in a bear hug until they dropped the pile of snow, screeching indignantly all the while.

"It's not mean to not invite your bros on a date," Lance said, sticking his hand into Keith's pocket where it was warm. Keith didn't even complain about Lance's freezing hands—probably because he was wearing gloves.

Pidge clapped lingering snowflakes off their gloves. "Ooh, Lance is going on a date," they teased, and Lance rolled his eyes.

"Lance goes on plenty of dates," he said, and in his pocket, Keith pinched his hand for talking about himself in third person. "You guys *do* remember the whole part where I got a boyfriend and Hunk was all, 'what, Keith? He's your worst enemy!' and Pidge was all, 'Hunk, no, that's totally what Lance is into,' and I was all, 'Pidge, how do you know what I'm into, anyway,' right?" He took his hand out of Keith's pocket both to gesticulate at them and because Keith was pinching him.

"No recollection," Pidge said, nudging their glasses up their nose with their middle finger in that artfully practiced way that made Lance unsure whether Pidge was actually flipping him off or if giving him the finger had just become habit, and this was the only way they adjusted their glasses now.

"Screw you both," Lance said, but it came out as a pleased chirp. He was kicking up miniature snowdrifts wherever he walked now, the cover had laid down so quick. And his Chucks were soaked through, but he didn't care just yet, since it hadn't been going on long enough to become uncomfortable. Keith stepped closer to him like he was trying to dodge a pile of slush, and put his arm around Lance's waist, gingerly at first, then relaxing against him when Hunk and Pidge didn't comment.

They reached the dorm without incident, except for the snowball Pidge tossed at Lance's back, and Lance's following accusation that Pidge must have been one of those kids who put rocks in snowballs. He was more worried about the fact that Pidge didn't deny it than the trickle of melting water down the small of his back.

"Oh my god," Keith said, his nose wrinkled, eyes directed at Lance's feet, "go put your shoes in the bathroom before they make a gross carpet puddle that we step in for weeks."

"Fine," Lance groaned, but he peeled off his socks and shoes and carried them into the bathroom, because he knew there was no better way to piss off Keith than wet carpet. "My everything is soaked," he said from the bathroom, where he was wriggling out of his chilly, wet clothes. "Like,

literally everything. Even my boxers. Keith. Keeeeith," he called, when he got no response.

"You're the one who made a snow angel," Keith finally said. He sounded like he was in the back half of the room, and Lance could hear the dresser open, so Keith was probably just putting sweats on. Lance walked out of the bathroom completely naked, and, without looking, Keith shoved a pair of sweatpants at his chest.

"Aw, come on, you don't want to watch a movie with me naked?"

"We're not that gay yet," Keith said, and Lance reached over him to steal a T-shirt from the neatly folded pile that was definitely Keith's. They wore the same shirt size, anyway, so it didn't *really* matter, Lance kept trying to explain. Keith's response was always the same, stop stealing my shirts, and Lance just thought Keith probably had a little bit of a kink for seeing his boyfriend wearing his clothes around casually.

It did make a lot of people ask Lance things about bands he didn't know, though. That part was awkward.

The shirt he was wearing now was band-logo-free, just plain black with dark gray stripes, and when Lance put on one of Keith's oversized hoodies from high school and then snuggled up to him on the couch, basically everything smelled like Keith's fancy body wash. "What do you wanna watch?" Lance asked, laying his head on Keith's lap and letting Keith gently sort his hair with his fingernails, flicking a piece over his ear and rearranging his part more neatly.

"I thought you wanted me to make you hot chocolate," Keith said.

"Oh my god, you actually will? Best boyfriend ever," Lance cheered, and Keith made a small noise that sounded a little like a snort.

"Yeah, but we don't have any milk so it's gonna be kind of crap," he said, dislodging Lance's head from his lap so he could pull their two favorite mugs off the shelf (Lance's was bright blue and had mermaid scales painted in gold down the sides, and Keith's had "Good Morning is an Oxymoron"

printed on it). Lance scruffed his fingers through his hair and messed up the part Keith had made, watching him as he filled up both the mugs and stuck them in the microwave.

"Your butt looks good in sweatpants," Lance commented, and Keith shut the microwave door with unnecessary force.

"What?"

"I said what I said."

"You are so weird," Keith mumbled, his face going red. He shifted from one foot to the other, staring at the numbers counting down on the microwave. "You're still staring at my butt, aren't you?"

"It's nice," Lance said.

"Weird," Keith repeated, yanking the microwave open before it could beep. He always stirred the powdered hot chocolate in second, which had Lance crying heresy the first time he did it. After a while, Lance had given in and accepted Keith's inferior way of making cocoa, especially because Keith would just tell him to make it himself if he was so annoyed. "Sit up before I spill this on you," Keith said, making his way back to the couch, and Lance did, grabbing the mug and sitting closer to Keith than need be.

Lance liked their dorm room, even though Keith always said it was too messy. The bunkbeds made it feel like his room back home, and sure, he shared this one with his boyfriend instead of his brother, and yeah, they usually ended up spooning on the bottom bunk, but it was nice to have something that felt familiar. He even put white fairy lights around the poles that reminded him of the glow-in-the-dark stars he'd taped to his bunkbed as a kid. And those things did *not* come off, so they were still there.

They were sitting on the other half of the room, on the old couch Keith had brought with him that was flower-patterned under the black bedsheet they used as a couch cover and only had to adjust every five minutes. Keith's TV was sitting on the dresser across from them, hooked up to the PS4 that he changed the language settings to Korean on every couple weeks or so to

mess with Lance. He would've switched it to Spanish, but he didn't know how.

Keith flicked through Netflix, and Lance made a comment every few seconds about something looking good, or how stupid some movie was. Keith continually disagreed, and then finally sighed and said, "are we just gonna end up watching Psych again?"

"Ooh, Psych."

Keith sighed. "Fine."

As always, Lance went on at least one rant describing the fact that he was *basically* Shawn Spencer, because they were both snarky bisexuals who made too many movie references, and Keith ignored the majority of it in favor of burying his feet under Lance's thigh and dicking around on his phone. "Finish your hot chocolate so I can snuggle you," Lance said, setting his own now-empty mug on the carpet.

"You can still snuggle me, just. Turn around." Keith ordered, and Lance did, sitting with his back to the arm of the couch. "Hold this," Keith said, handing Lance his mug. He settled back against Lance's chest, grabbed Lance's arm and put it around his waist. "Now give it back." Lance snuggled up to the warm flat of Keith's back, shaking the arms of the hoodie over his hands, which he rested on Keith's belly. He could still watch the show if he turned his head to the side, but Keith's hair fluffed up in his face, so he nosed it aside until there was enough room for him to rest his chin on Keith's shoulder.

"If I got murdered, would you solve the crime and avenge me?" Lance asked.

"No." Keith patted Lance's wrist and muttered something about noodle arms.

"Oh my god, why not?"

"Because I'd be the one who murdered you," Keith replied, "obviously."

"You suck," Lance said, but he kissed the strip of bare skin left open by the wide neck of Keith's overworn sweater. Keith sipped his hot chocolate and asked Lance a question about the plot that he would've known the answer to, had he been paying attention.

Lance thought for a minute, then answered without looking up from the place on Keith's neck he was currently attending to. He kissed him between sentences, and when he was finished telling him what exactly led up to this particular romantic development and what it had to do with a murder, he started sucking on a spot just above Keith's collarbone.

"Are you giving me a hickey?" Keith asked.

"Trying to," Lance mumbled, before biting on the spot a little.

Keith twitched. "Stop it. I wanted to wear that shirt that falls off my shoulder tomorrow," he said, batting Lance in the nose with the back of his hand. Lance knew what shirt he was talking about, mostly because it drove him nuts whenever Keith wore it.

"Then make it fall off the other shoulder," he argued.

"No, it has to be this one," Keith said, "it annoys me if it's on the other side. Give me a hickey on the other side, if you want to so bad."

"Then I can't see."

"You've watched this a hundred times," Keith argued.

"Are you trying to convince me to give you a hickey?"

"No," Keith grumbled, taking another drink.

Lance swapped sides anyway, biting harder this time, sucking until Keith's skin started to bruise. Keith made a soft noise, then ducked out of the way of Lance's mouth, so he could set his mug on the floor next to Lance's.

"Oh, damn, this part is really funny," Lance said, eyes glued to the screen until Keith paused it with a rather vicious tap of the controller.

"Nope," he said, "you're fucking me."

"Am I?"

"Or I'm fucking you, I don't care, I'm just mildly horny and I've finally gotten enough sleep that I actually want to have sex," Keith said, turning in Lance's lap and grabbing him to kiss him.

Keith kisses were the best thing, Lance decided, rating even better than hot chocolate and sudden snowfalls. He was always running a little warm and so handsy, always groping Lance's chest and his ass, if he could reach it. Just now, he was straddling Lance's lap, grinding his ass against him even though he wasn't really in the right spot to be on Lance's dick. Keith bit Lance's lower lip, then grabbed his chin and tipped his head to the side so he could get at Lance's neck.

Lance chuckled, because the TV was paused on an awkward screenshot of a character mid-way through blinking. "What?" Keith muttered, and yeah, he probably couldn't see it because his face was all up in Lance's business, and he probably didn't care because he was too busy actually doing sexy things instead of laughing at the TV.

"Look," Lance said, pointing over Keith's shoulder.

"Oh my god, would you control your ADHD for a hot second?" Keith griped, even though he should've known by now that Lance couldn't—after all, he'd once stopped in the middle of sex to ask Keith whether he thought the aliens from Signs and the alien from Alien were evolutionarily linked.

"Dude, at least you're not inside me right now."

"If that ever happens again, I *will* stop fucking you and just jerk off."

Lance grimaced. "Eww, you would touch your dick after you were inside my butt?"

"Yeah, man," Keith said, like he didn't understand why that was gross. "I mean, you licked my butthole last week, so."

"Touche." There was a long pause where both of them tried to figure out what the hell they were doing. "Seriously though, that face is hilarious," Lance said, still looking at the TV.

"Dear god." Keith swung himself off of Lance's lap and stalked across the room to turn off the TV so it couldn't distract Lance. "Bed?" he asked.

Lance shrugged. "We could do it here."

"Other people sit on that couch," Keith said, stooping to pick up the mugs and setting them on the corner of the sink. He didn't take the time to wash them, rather, he couldn't, because Lance got up and pounced on him, kissing him until Keith backed into the wall, giggling against his lips. "Oh, so *now* you're into it," Keith said.

"Your butt has convinced me," Lance said, grabbing Keith's ass, then moving to stick one hand in his sweats. "Dude. Are you commando under here?"

"Yeah," Keith said.

"That's brave, man, theses ones are the kind that people can pants you in really easy, too," he said, snapping the relatively loose waistband of Keith's sweatpants.

Keith was stuffing his warm hands up the back of Lance's hoodie. "I mean, the only person here is you."

"And I would totally pants you, so I don't understand what that argument is."

"If I wasn't okay with you taking my pants off, you probably would've figured that out by now," Keith said. "Bed. C'mon."

Lance let Keith back him toward the bed, ducking his head so he wouldn't hit it on the top bunk. They'd tried top-bunk-sex before, but Lance got so freaked out thinking he'd fall off that they had to move. Listen. He'd broken

his arm just *sleeping* on a top bunk when he was eleven, so he sure as hell wasn't going to do anything rambunctious up there.

"So impatient," Lance said when Keith unzipped his hoodie and yanked it down his arms. "Shit, it's cold. Let's get under the covers."

"We're not doing that," Keith said, "because you're going to get hot and then want out and it's going to be annoying and you're going to get your foot tangled in the blankets."

"One time, that happened. One time."

Keith leaned back and stripped off his sweater, and he looked like he was going to jump Lance, but that would make it a little hard for Lance to do exactly what he wanted to those sweet, sweet abs, so he grabbed Keith by the hips and kissed him sloppily down the center of his six-pack, until he was in danger of getting a stray hair in his mouth. Keith was so hard in his sweats that his dick bumped against the underside of Lance's chin when he leaned back, and his mouth watered because he *wanted that*. Lance was pretty sure it was a Pavlovian response by now—Keith had a boner, Lance wanted it in his mouth.

Lance kissed Keith's cock through his sweats, following the length of it from the bottom up. "Don't you dare get those messy," Keith said, "I want to wear them to bed tonight."

"Keith, you're the one who's going commando with a boner, *you're* gonna get them messy." Lance didn't let up, either, finding the head of Keith's cock and dragging his teeth over it. That always drove Keith nuts, and he grabbed Lance's head and yanked him off, bowling him over onto the comforter and cuddling up to him chest-to chest. Lance's bed was extra-cozy, because he was a desert flower who couldn't handle the winter, and had to pile blankets on blankets to keep warm. Plus, he had invested in a mattress topper, unlike his boyfriend who didn't understand the wonderousness of memory foam.

"Stop being so—" Keith began, then he huffed, and kissed Lance, searing-hot and forceful. Lance got his arms around Keith's waist, all his

movements jerky and uncoordinated, because he was too overwhelmed to be sexy about it. He wrapped his legs around Keith's waist, all comfy and boilingly aroused, and Keith curled a fist into Lance's T-shirt, yanking it up past his ribcage. Lance's back bowed, and he grabbed Keith's sweats, yanking them down until he could feel Keith's cock against his belly. *"Jesus, Lance," Keith moaned, teeth digging into Lance's lower lip for a second.*

*Lance kissed up the underside of Keith's chin and wiggled out of his own sweats and boxers, kicking them down to the foot of the bed. Keith pushed Lance's shoulder until he went onto his back, and pulled Lance's thighs around his waist, grinding his dick against Lance's ass like if they'd spent a little more time working up to this point, they'd be fucking.*

*"Holy fuck, put it in me already," Lance begged, only for Keith to huff a laugh and bump his forehead against Lance's chest.*

*"Yeah, that's gonna kill," Keith said, running his fingers up Lance's thighs. "I'm not doing that."*

*"Dude, the lube is right under—" Lance reached around in the sheets, trying to find the pillow with a completely not conspicuous bottle shape in the pillowcase. Yep, there it was. He chunked the whole pillow at Keith's head.*

*"What the fuck!?"*

*"Check in the pillowcase," Lance said, and Keith gave him a quizzical look while he shook it upside down. Because Keith couldn't just put his hand in the pillowcase and take the lube out like a normal person, the bottle fell out and hit Lance straight in the stomach. "Oof, watch it," he said, and Keith looked at it like a medium-sized lizard had just fallen out of Lance's pillowcase.*

*"Why the ever-loving fuck would you put it in there?" he asked.*

*Lance shrugged and snapped open the tube, covering his fingers and reaching down between his legs, because clearly, Keith was too busy being*

*distracted by Lance's genius ideas to actually get down to the dirty. "I dunno. Easy access?" He gasped out a shaky breath when he got his fingers inside himself, two at once because he was no amateur at this. Let it be known that living with your boyfriend in a college dorm on a boring-ass campus where there's literally nothing more to do besides go to house parties, come home drunk, and bang leads to a lot of sexual experience.*

*At least, it does if your boyfriend's as horny as Lance's was.*

*"God, you lush," Keith joked, but he was the one frothing against Lance's thigh, soft breaths catching in his chest with every roll of his hips. "Where're your condoms?"*

*"Dresser drawer, second one down," Lance said. Keith had kept his in the bathroom, until Hunk and Pidge argued that they were taking up too much space and it wasn't like Lance and Keith were having sex in the bathroom—at the very least, they shouldn't have been.*

*"Oh, so no easy access there," Keith said.*

*"Well, yeah, I don't use a condom to masturbate, but I do finger myself."*

*Keith leaned over to open the dresser without getting off the bed. It put him in the perfect spot for Lance to prop himself up on his elbows, and if he wiggled down just a little, he could—yeah, that's it. Keith's hand clenched on the dresser drawer when Lance got his lips around his cock. "Fuck. Lance," Keith breathed.*

*Lance pulled back for a second. "Thought you were getting something," he said, with a pointed look at the dresser.*

*"Right, yeah," Keith said, pulling the drawer open and glancing over its contents. He made an impressively irritated face. Yeah, Lance's clothes were messy, but that meant it took Keith longer to search for the box, and Lance could lick the head of his cock like a lollipop, tongue pressing against the slit. Keith hissed and hooked a hand in one of the bars supporting the top bunk, which made his bicep bulge up and all his muscles tense on his right side.*

*Lance had officially the hottest boyfriend ever. He sucked just the head of Keith's cock into his mouth, and Keith moaned, shaking his hair out of his face. "Cut it out if you wanna get fucked," he said, grabbing the condoms out of the drawer and chucking them in the direction of Lance's head, which, rude. They landed somewhere behind his shoulder, so no harm, but it could've hit him.*

*He didn't respond, just grabbed Keith by the hips and pulled him closer, until Keith's cock was down his throat. Keith had told him once that if he tried to go down on someone as fast as Lance did, he'd probably puke, and Lance just gloated about having finally beat Keith in something. Keith didn't seem to mind that Lance had officially and forever won sex, because it meant he was getting deepthroated on the reg, so. Keith thrust into Lance's throat a couple times, before trying to pull back, but Lance dug his fingers in, holding Keith close because what was the fun of sex if he couldn't mess with Keith?*

*Lance swallowed around Keith's dick, once, then again, and Keith was so far down his throat, Lance couldn't even taste his pre, but he could feel him dripping. He curled his tongue against the underside of Keith's cock, tracing the edge of the vein.*

*"Lance," Keith said, in that snappy little growl that meant he was gonna come if Lance kept it up. Lance pulled off slow, as slow as he could what with the impatience and all, and kissed the head messily, grinning up at Keith after. "You're killing me," Keith sighed, shifting down Lance's body. "Throw me that," he said, and Lance tossed a condom at him. He fumbled with it for a second, then tore it open. Were his hands shaking a little? Lance was proud of himself.*

*"I am doing no such thing," Lance said, "besides, you're the one who said you'd murder me."*

*"Yeah, for being a fucking tease." Keith had the condom on, and he was spreading lube over his cock and looking like he was having way too much fun with it. "Are you ready enough? I'm not feeling rough sex right now, don't wanna hurt you."*

*"Nah, I'm fine," Lance said, shoving three fingers in himself and cheekily showing Keith just how deep they could go, "do me, c'mon." He was almost flexible to get in up to his last knuckle.*

*"Romance is truly dead," Keith said, but he couldn't've meant it, because he bent to kiss Lance long and slow at the same time, readjusting Lance's legs over his hips. "Okay, ready?" he asked, and Lance nodded against him. Keith pushed inside, his head tipping back, showing off the hickey on his shoulder. "Fuck, you sure you're good? You're so tight."*

*"Yeah, yeah, I'm—Jesusfuckingchrist." That would be the prostate. Lance swore up and down that Keith's cock was somehow perfectly shaped to just nail him right there every single time they fucked. He squeezed his legs around Keith's waist, holding him closer for a second, pulling him down to kiss. With Keith laying over him, it almost felt like it wasn't fifteen degrees outside, and it didn't help that Keith's cock pressing into him felt like the heat of a thousand suns—in a good way.*

*Keith pulled out only as much as Lance's legs around his waist would let him, then pushed back in, chuckling to himself when Lance whined. "Good boy," he said, almost absently, and Lance really hoped Keith realized exactly what those words did to him by now. He fucked into Lance harder the next time around, and Lance was letting out all those little gasps and moans that he knew made Keith so keyed up he couldn't do anything but fuck him hard.*

*It was good and slow this time, Keith rocking against him so hard, Lance almost thought they'd start shaking the bedframe, but it seemed like a whole other bunk above them weighing down the frame kept them from slamming the headboard into the wall too much. "That's good," Lance sighed, his back curving so he could meet Keith's thrusts at the perfect angle, calculated specifically after months of, you know. Research.*

*"You like that, baby?" Keith murmured, leaning down to kiss Lance's eyebrow and his temple.*

*"Yeah, Keith. Fuck, yeah."*

*Keith was nailing him good and hard now, and it forced Lance to make all those breathless little noises he used to try to cover up when they first started dating. Now that he knew what they did to Keith, how Lance could practically get him to come just from moaning and whispering choppy bits of dirty talk in his ear, he gave up on caring if Keith, their next-door neighbors, or the whole damn dorm heard.*

*When Keith bent to kiss him, but had to pull off and tuck his head against Lance's collarbone because it was too much, Lance knew he was close. Of course he was, Lance was amazing at sex. He reached up and smoothed Keith's hair off of his forehead, then traced his fingers over Keith's neck, pressing in just a little on the bruise he'd left there. "You feel so good, Keith," he said, "so good. Are you gonna come in me?"*

*"Yeah," Keith said, his voice a gravel-scrape. He sounded like he was the one who'd been depthroating someone. "Yeah, I'm gonna—" Then he made this noise, and it sounded like it was punched out of him, like Lance had somehow kicked him in the solar plexus (not that his foot could reach when Keith was on top of him like that).*

*Keith shook all over when he came. It scared Lance a little the first time, because he knew that he just went a little still and would rock his hips a lot, but Keith got shaky from his fingertips to his toes, which meant every time, Lance grabbed him and held him close, because some unconscious part of him still worried that it wasn't a good thing. The way Keith's eyes rolle up and his mouth fell open told Lance otherwise, though, and so did the way Keith kissed him fiercely as soon as his shaking limbs stilled.*

*"You good?" Lance asked.*

*"Mm-hm," Keith said, gasping a little when he slid out of Lance, two fingers holding the condom in place so he didn't make a mess. Lance was still overwhelmingly aroused, but he let the feeling bubble in him untouched for a bit, while he watched Keith sit up, back to Lance, cleaning himself off as efficiently as he could. "What do you want me to do to you?"*

*A shudder ran through him, neck to tailbone. Keith's post-orgasm voice could just about get Lance hard again right after coming, so it was no*

surprise that it was driving him nuts. "Suck my dick?" Lance suggested. "I mean, I would've suggested eating my ass, but there's lube up there, and it's not the edible kind."

"We're never. Buying the edible kind," Keith said, slipping off the bed and onto his knees. "Sit up."

Lance did, with effort, and he parted his legs so Keith could sit between them. "Dude, I'm gonna need to clean my sheets now."

"Don't be gross," Keith said.

"I'm just saying, there is so much lube dripping out of my—fffuck, Keith."

Now, Lance beat Keith by all the nonexistent points when it came to deepthroating, but Keith could suck dick just fine, mostly because his multi-tasking skills were beyond what Lance's could ever possibly be, partially because Keith wasn't ADHD and partially because he really liked jerking Lance off with his hand while he mouthed at the head of his cock, tonguing the underside. He sucked the first few inches into his mouth while he played with Lance's balls, which Lance had thought was weird and unsexy at first, but now, it had him pushing further against Keith, until he was just barely sitting on the edge of the bed.

Keith's opposite hand slid off of Lance's thigh and he pulled back for a second to suck his fingers into his mouth and get them wet, before pressing them firmly against Lance's perineum, and then he wrapped those perfect, full lips around Lance's cock again, and looked straight up at him while he sucked him as far as he could take him (granted, about halfway), and pushed his fingers up so hard, it was like Lance could feel him pushing on his prostate from the outside, holy fuck.

"Keith," he said, his voice mostly breath. "Gonna come."

And then, Keith's mouth was gone, replaced by his hand, as he stroked Lance off, keeping close enough that when Lance did come, hands fisted in the sheets, legs spreading even wider, toes curling, Keith got a faceful.

*When Lance looked down, he honest-to-god whimpered a little, pressing his fingers over his mouth. Keith's eyes were closed, mouth parted just a little, and he had a messy trail of come splattered over his lips and chin, dripping down his neck a little, and ooh, it went up onto his cheek, almost hit his hair (thank fuck he didn't, Keith'd be pissed). His eyelashes fluttered open and his lips curled into a smile. "Do I look pretty?"*

*"Don't you dare—I just came, dude, you can't go pulling this—ugh, I'd throw a pillow at your face if I wouldn't get jizz all over it," Lance spluttered, "fucking hell. You look gorgeous. Can I take a picture?"*

*Keith was up on his feet and at the sink before Lance was even completely soft. "Hell no," he said, and Lance could hear the water running, "I don't want that shit in the cloud."*

*"Aww, come on! I wouldn't even send it to anyone!"*

*"Yeah, because nobody would want to see that," Keith said.*

*"Except me, who would want to see it literally every day." Lance laid back on the bed, patting around to see if there was a wet spot from all the lube. "Hey, we didn't actually destroy my sheets."*

*"That's nice." Keith's voice was muffled by the towel. He put his boxers on before climbing into bed with Lance, because Keith was somehow incapable of sleeping naked, whatever. He'd still let Lance grab his butt when they cuddled.*

*"Wait, wait, open the blinds. I wanna watch the snow while we cuddle," Lance said, and Keith rolled his eyes, but pulled the blinds open anyway. Lance was glad their window faced an empty stretch of campus where nobody ever hung out, because otherwise, people would see the gorgeousness that was his shirtless boyfriend, and he couldn't handle that much competition.*

*The two of them curled up under the duvet, trading kisses, and Keith's hand traced abstract little shapes on Lance's hip and thigh. Lance tucked one leg between Keith's, their ankle-bones puzzle-piecing together. Keith tipped his*

*chin up, giving Lance slow presses of his lips, over and over, breathing sweet nothings between. It was the kind of kissing that could've led somewhere, or could've just trailed off into nothing, and Lance smiled, because he couldn't wait to see where it would go.*

**Author's Note:**

You can stalk me on tumblr @luddlestons or on my NSFW tumblr @seldula. I mean, you can stalk me, but I'd prefer if you come yell at me about queer space kids.